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A PRECIOUS SEEING.

My father, weary of snow and fire,
Of frost on window and ice on tree,
I can show you summer until you tire;
Come—look behind your window and see—
Why, here is the nest in our old bent birch,
Where the brown bird used to be!

Ah! here is the brown bird, just as shy,
In the little leaves with her warm wings down,
On the wet while eggs, that, by and by,
Will change into other birds as brown—
If you go too near you will make her fly,
And that may make me frown.

And here is the flower you must not touch—
The first that bloomed in our grass, you know,
Your butterfly, look!—were there ever such?—
Wild with the sun they glitter and go—
And here are the lambs you loved so much—
How little they seem to grow!

And here are the berries black and sweet;
And here, in the glimmer of lightning flies,
Is the gray strange man you used to meet,
Who walked at evening—to reach the skies?
Oh, never look up through the dark and sleek—
Look down in your own fair eyes!

WHO ROBBED MADAME?

I had waited but a few minutes when she entered.
The tasteful cap surmounting the brown locks clustering in a pretty confusion about her forehead, and her no longer young, though the glowing face and shapely form were in more suggestive of youth than of old age. Altogether, Madame Ieroux was a lady of most attractive appearance.

She approached me with nervous haste, her eyes fixed on mine.
"I sent for you—are you?" she faltered almost inaudibly, and then paused in a piteous state of agitation, her slender fingers slowly intertwining themselves, and her whole frame trembling.

"Detective Ashton," I responded, hastily, drawing forward a chair.
She sunk into it, and by a silent gesture invited me to be seated. Presently she murmured in a low quivering voice:

"Monsieur, I am in great distress. My—"

And again paused, overcome by her emotions.
I waited a minute in expectant silence, and then said:

"A case of robbery, I understand, madame. Permit me to ask whether your servants are entirely honest?"

"Entirely," she answered, brokenly. "They have served me for twenty years."

"And your pupils?"

"Not a shadow of suspicion may touch them."

"And the resident teachers?"

She gasped once or twice, and then controlling herself with a mighty effort, answered tremulously:

"Pardon my agitation; I am worn with trouble and anxiety, adding presently, in more even tones, "I will tell you about it, monsieur. My school is, as you doubtless know from report, the best, and, consequently, the most flourishing in the city. I take much money, and often keep large sums by me. This is my private business room, and in your cabinet I store my surplus funds."

"A rather unsafe place," I commented.

"Not at all, monsieur," she answered, decidedly. "It is furnished with a secret receptacle. Discover it, if you can."

And rising, she led the way to the cabinet, and threw open the desk.

But I exhausted my wife to no purpose. Madame looked on in silence till I drew back and folded my arms. She then quietly asked:

"You would not suspect the fact I have stated?"

"If the secret compartment is here, most certainly not."

"It is here," she replied, briefly and emphatically, as she closed the desk.

"How many times have you been robbed?"

"Nightly, for the past week," she answered, excitedly. "A large amount was taken the first night, but since then only a few counterfeits which I deposited in hope of detecting the thief without assistance."

"Has any one under your roof a knowledge of the secret of the cabinet?" I inquired, after a little interval of silence.

"But one!" she cried, bursting into tears, and wringing her hands in an agony of distress. "But one! but one, alas!"

I again deliberated a moment, and then said firmly:

"Madame, I have not a doubt that I can, in time, clear up this matter without assistance, but it is no less certain that perfect candor on your part will greatly aid me."

It was some minutes before she could compose herself sufficient to answer. When she did it was in heart-broken tones:

"You are right, monsieur. I must tell you. My suspicions point to one who has for years been my all: namely, Mademoiselle De Gray. Mademoiselle De Gray has been my protegee since the death of her parents, which occurred while she was yet an infant. In her I have hitherto reposed the most unlimited confidence; now I am distracted with doubts it is impossible to silence."

"She gazed at me with startled eyes for a moment, and then in proud, almost scornful accents, replied, that I, above all others, should know whether she was capable of such a deed."

"And is she acquainted with the fact of your having secured her services?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur. I hoped it would frighten her into a full confession."

"Your servants?"

"They know nothing whatever. For Mademoiselle De Gray's sake I have kept these startling robberies a profound secret."

After a few minutes serious consideration I said:

"Madame, I will watch here nightly until the mystery is solved."

Madame shook her head despondingly.

"It is quite useless, monsieur. I am no coward, and have already tried that plan, and, strange to say, my cabinet remained intact both times."

"Perhaps Mademoiselle De Gray suspected your intentions," I replied.

"This time we must guard against the possibility. And now, if you please, I will take a few more details. About what time do these robberies take place?"

"Always between midnight and day-break. I seldom retire till twelve o'clock, and on the night of the first theft it was considerably later. I remember distinctly: for by a singular coincidence Mademoiselle De Gray and I sat here discussing the possibility of the very event which occurred. The recent Madworth robbery had impressed us both deeply, and as we left the room I bade Mademoiselle look the door."

"Did you lock the door?" I asked, indicating one I had noticed awhile before.

"That is only a store closet."

"It might secrete a burglar, however."

"Yes, monsieur; but it did not. I was in there a very few minutes before we retired."

"And the key of the door here—did Mademoiselle know where you put it?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"And since that night?"

"Alas! monsieur, I have hidden my keys in vain."

After some further conversation I took my leave, promising to return about midnight.

I did so. Mademoiselle and the servants had retired, and, as previously arranged, Madame answered my light tap herself. She ushered me into the private room, and soon bade me good night.

After a short absence she returned with a steaming cup of coffee and a plate of Dutch cake.

"I always take a cup before retiring," she explained, "and thought you might find one acceptable."

And with a final good night she left me. Feeling both chilled and thirsty, I emptied the cup almost at a draught. Then wheeling a chair behind the curtains draping a bay window, I extinguished the light and sat down to await the appearance of the unknown thief.

But I saw nothing. Just at daybreak Madame softly entered the room and spoke to me. I rose unsteadily to my feet and stepped from behind the curtains. She gazed at me in surprise for a moment, and then smiled a little ironically:

"Monsieur slept well, I perceive."

"Yes, madame, if well means soundly," I replied. "The coffee was drugged."

"Drugged!" she echoed, staggering back a pace or two.

"Yes, madame. Permit me to ask who made it?"

She covered her face with her hands for an instant, and then dropping them reeled over to the cabinet. In a minute she was beside me again.

"Who made it?" she repeated in deep hollow tones. "Mademoiselle De Gray! And—and, monsieur, the money is gone!"

"But," I answered, in some vexation, "Mademoiselle, of all others, should not have known of my presence here."

"Ah, monsieur, I was most careful," returned Madame, sorrowfully. "This is a mystery how she gained her knowledge."

Madame stared from Mademoiselle to me, the picture of bewildered dismay; then dropping her eyes to the floor she resolved, apparently, some perplexing question. Presently she looked up.

"Tell me, Antoinette," she murmured doubtfully, "why did you drug Monsieur's coffee?"

"I," exclaimed Mademoiselle, flushing with astonishment. "I did it no more than I stole the money. I knew that Monsieur was here, much less that he took the coffee. But, perhaps, she roguishly added the next moment, as she again shivered kisses on Madame's rosy cheeks, 'but perhaps you can plead guilty.'"

Again bewildered, dismay, widened Madame's eyes, and, after a little, she faltered:

"Oh, Antoinette! I—I—yes, I certainly did! Monsieur slept well, and I slept poorly. Yes, Monsieur got my powders! I never thought of it till this minute!"

"What powders?" laughed Mademoiselle de Gray.

"Morphine!" exclaimed Madame, more composedly. "I felt sleepless and excited, and put it into a cup, intending to 'pour my coffee over it,' but I must have given Monsieur the wrong cup."

Then, suddenly snatching the keys from the table, she thrust them into Mademoiselle de Gray's hand, and exclaiming, tearfully:

"There! keep them, my poor, wronged darling! I have played 'La Sonnambula' long enough."

And I, looking at Madame's brown curls, rosy cheeks, and faultless figure, thought anxiously:

"What a miracle of French art!"

At the coming of our Lord the Pharisees were the most prominent and influential sect or party of the Jewish people. Respecting their origin we have no certain knowledge. They are referred to by Josephus in connection with the priesthood of Jonathan about 150 years before Christ, and it is not improbable that they may have taken their rise soon after the Babylonian captivity.

The word Pharisees signifies "separatists," and seems to have been either chosen by themselves or applied to them by others as a designation of their austere and ascetic manner of life. They affected great purity and sanctity of morals, and held themselves quite aloof from the mass of the people.

And before I could say more, she had darted from the room. In a few minutes she returned, leading a tall, elegant, golden-haired girl, whose proud eyes glittered with tears. This fair vision of youthful beauty left Madame's side and came to me.

"Thank you, monsieur," she said, with simple, earnest dignity. "I thank you most truly."

"I have done little or nothing to entitle me to your thanks, Mademoiselle," I smiled in response. "But have you no desire to learn the name of the guilty party?"

"Ah, true!" exclaimed Madame. "I forgot all but my infinite joy. 'Tell us, monsieur.'"

"First, madame," I answered, "permit me to restore your stolen money. You have your keys, I see; will you be kind enough to open the treasure box?"

And hastening to the closet I brought out the japed box.

Madame knelt down and wonderingly turned the key. I then lifted the lid and removed the false bottom.

An astonished exclamation parted Mademoiselle De Gray's lips, but Madame leaned over the box like one in a dream, and could not be convinced until the notes were in her hand and counted, that it was no dream at all, but a most pleasant reality.

"Yes, Antoinette," she at last said, rising and casting the notes on the table, "every son of it is here. And to think of its being in the old box, Antoinette!"

"Yes," smiled Mademoiselle, with a puzzled expression, "but—"

"But," interrupted Madame, even more vivaciously, "but who put it into the box? Yes, that is the point, monsieur; who put it into the box?"

And she fixed her eyes in eager expectancy on mine.

"The—the apparition," I faltered, "entered the room between two and three o'clock, and went straight to the cabinet. In a few moments the notes were purloined and deposited where you just now found them."

"But the secret compartment, monsieur," interrupted Madame, excitedly. "Was it opened without difficulty?"

"Yes, madame."

"Strange! most strange!" she ejaculated, in perplexing tones, adding the next instant, "Go on, monsieur."

"That is all, madame."

"All! But what did you do, monsieur?" she asked, sharply.

"Nothing, madame, but stagger aside and gaze like an imbecile after the retreating form I had extended my hand to seize."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame, in a low, awed voice. "Was it—you called it an apparition? I recollect, monsieur. What—what did it resemble?"

"It was a woman. A small, pallid woman clad in a trailing crimson robe—"

"A crimson robe!" echoed Madame and Mademoiselle, both evidently aghast.

"Yes, and with silvery white hair—"

"White hair!" again echoed both, looking at each other with faces of consternation.

Mademoiselle De Gray recovered herself first.

"What else, monsieur?" she queried impatiently.

"Nothing else, Mademoiselle," I replied, "except that this singular apparition carried a bronze candlestick and yonder bunch of keys."

Mademoiselle gazed at me a moment in silence, and then turning, suddenly flung her arms about the Madame's neck, and kissing her on both cheeks exclaimed between tears and laughter:

"Oh! you naughty, naughty thing! to me, the picture of bewildered dismay; then dropping her eyes to the floor she resolved, apparently, some perplexing question. Presently she looked up."

"Tell me, Antoinette," she murmured doubtfully, "why did you drug Monsieur's coffee?"

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LEPROSY.

Characteristics of the Disease in Ancient and Modern Times.

This disease has always been peculiar to warm climates, and in such, especially in Egypt, and other regions of the east, it is still found agreeing in all its general symptoms with the descriptions of its ancient character as left in the Bible by Moses.

The disease seems to commence deep in the system of the body, and generally acquires a thorough settlement in the person of its victim before it discovers itself on the outward skin. It may lie thus concealed even for a number of years, especially when it is seated in the constitution by birth, as it often is, when it does not commonly unfold its outward symptoms until the child is grown up to years of maturity.

After its appearance, too, it does not proceed with any rapid ruin. Not until a number of years does it reach its full perfection of disorder, and not until a number more have passed away does this disorder terminate in death. A leprosy person may live twenty or thirty years if he receives the disease with his birth, forty or even fifty years, but years of such dreadful misery must they be, that early death might seem to be better.

The horribly malady advances with slow but certain steps from one stage of evil to another, diffusing its poison through the whole frame while the principle of life is still suffered to linger in the midst of the desolation, and one after another the pillars of strength are secretly undermined and carried away till the spirit flings, ere yet she can escape from its imprisonment, the house of her earthly tabernacle literally crumbling on every side into dissolution and dust. The bones and the marrow are pervaded with the disease so that the joints of the hands and feet gradually lose their powers, and the limbs of the body fall together in such a manner as to give a most deformed and dreadful appearance to the whole person. There is a form of the disorder known in some places in which the joints beginning with the furthest of the fingers and toes one after another separate and fall off, and the miserable sufferer slowly falls in pieces to the grave.

Outwardly the leprosy discovers itself in a number of small spots which generally appear first on the face about the nose and eyes, but after some time on other parts of the body till it is all covered over. At first these spots have the appearance of small reddish pimples, but they gradually spread in size as large as a pea or bean on the surface which they cover. When scratched, as their itchy character constantly solicits, a thin moisture oozes out of them which soon dries and hardens into a scaly crust, so that when the disease reaches its perfect state the whole body becomes covered with a foul whitish scurf.

Particular directions were given in the law of Moses to distinguish the spot of the real leprosy, from others that might resemble it in appearance. These are contained in the thirteenth chapter of Leviticus. There are various kinds of leprosy, some more malignant and loathsome than others. According to the appearance of its spots it is called by different names. There is a white, a black, and a red leprosy. This shocking disease is contagious, so that it is dangerous to have much intercourse with leprosy persons. On this account it was wisely ordered among the Jews that such should dwell alone "all the days wherein the plague should be in them," and should be held unclean so that no one might touch them without defilement. Hence too, it was so strictly enjoined that the earliest appearance of anything like the spot of leprosy should be immediately and thoroughly examined.

The leper in whom the plague was ascertained really to exist was required also to distinguish himself by having his clothes rent, his head bare, and his lip covered (all of which were common signs of deep sorrow), and to warn others coming near him by crying out, "Unclean, unclean!" Lev. xiii. 45, 46.

The leprosy is still more fearful as it may be handed down from one generation to another by birth. The leprosy of a father descends to his son, and even to his grandchildren of the third and fourth generations, assuming indeed a milder form as it passes down, but still showing some of its disagreeable effects in each successive case. The leprosy was regarded among the Jews as a disease sent in a peculiar manner from the hand of God, and designed to mark his displeasure against some great sin found in the person who suffered its affliction. Nor was this idea without some support in the dispensations of judgment which their history recorded, and in the especial solemnity with which that disease is noticed in the Levitical law.

PHOTOGRAPHING ON SILK.—Silk thoroughly impregnated with bichromate of potash presents a very sensitive photographic surface. Thus prepared, any shapes cut out of tin and laid upon it, may be beautifully imprinted by the sun, and in tints, according to the color of the silk. A white or a very light silk shows a delicate pale-red impression; a reddish tint takes a still deeper shade of red in the pattern, etc. Fern leaves, arranged to suit the taste, and kept flat by a sheet of glass, can be imprinted in the same way.

A new game called "Grauger Seven-up" is announced. Three persons play for a can of oysters. The first man out gets the oysters, the last the can, and the "middle-man" don't get anything. That is "High-Low" without either "Jack" or "Game."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A barber at Portland, Maine, collects his pay from customers when he gets them half shaved. "TWT."

"The child is father to the man." "Hic," says Gumboozle, "one's best, 'the child must be married young!'"

A Maine husband wanted to bat his wife that she could not whip a panther; but she saw the joke and refused to try.

"Change cars!" is what a city boot black said to a countryman, the other day, when he had finished blacking one of his brogans.

A number of New England farmers have recently suspended operations, the companies not having orders enough to clear out their manufactured supply of pig-iron.

Adam Gladwin, of Louisiana, would have died happy but for one thing. He never could satisfy himself whether he really sucked any one's breath, or whether it was all an old wife's fable.

A temperance orator speaks of a file of toppers, seventy-five miles in length, marching steadily to drinkards graves at the rate of three a minute, or one every twenty seconds, all the year round.

"The love that a woman's heart needs is the love that is spoken in deeds," says a modern poet. "Especially," says Mary Jane, "deeds to a handsome three-story marble front mansion and a few choice 'corner-lots!'"

"O gracious! no!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat to Mrs. Quaggs, raising her hands and speaking in a very excited tone. "She was so ill when her new bonnet came home, that she couldn't get up; but, dear sakes! Jane, that didn't matter nothing for she just put the hat on and lay with her head out the front window the whole afternoon."

A Frenchman roasts coffee, grinds it to flour, moistens it slightly, mixes it in twice its weight of powdered white sugar, and then presses it into tablets. One of these tablets can be dissolved at any time in hot or cold water, making at once the very perfection of coffee; and it is solemned that a pound of the berry will go much further by this than by any other preparation of the beverage.

The Rochester Chronicle says Lucy Stone doesn't believe that ladies ought to change their names merely because they marry. Lucy married a chap named Blackwell, and out of compliment to their parents the children will be called Stone-Blackwell, and if one of 'em should marry Brown-Blackwell and their children should marry—

The other day an aged couple drove into Indiana City, Ind., just as an undertaking firm was moving into an old church, which had been purchased for a shop. The old gentleman stood up in his wagon, his mouth and eyes distended; as the men silently carried coffin after coffin into the church. At last he turned to his awe-stricken half and gasped: "Sary, be golly, it's cholera! Let's git!"

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said a stranger, blandly smiling as he entered the store of a dealer. "Well, thank you," stily rejoined Mr. Jones. "You don't seem to know me; I am Brown—used to live here," said the visitor. "I beg ten thousand pardons, Mr. Brown," said Jones, relaxing and shaking hands cordially. "excuse me, I thought you were a drummer." "So I am," said Brown. Tableau vivant.

A new cotton factory has just been completed in Greenville, S. C., with a capital of \$100,000. The proprietors intend to run 500 cards and 3,000 spindles, and to manufacture cotton yarns. The Piedmont cotton factory, just below Greenville, on the Saluda, is partially in operation, and promises gratifying results, and to close these latest evidences that there is life in the old land yet, the "English Manufacturing Company of South Carolina," with a capital of \$300,000, will soon have a large factory at work in Spartanburg county.

A New York reporter who went to see a new fountain begin to play; and who had determined to write four or five columns about it, giving a history also of all previous fountains in the world, returned to the office a disappointed man, and humbly wrote: "The water was turned on in the beautiful new fountain in City Hall Park yesterday. A few muddy drops were seen to come out of the holes under the brass anomaly, roll down the sides of the inverted saucer, and drop meekly into the soup dish. By and by the water got to be more and muddier, and filled the soup dish, running off the saucer-like that shed from an umbrella on a wet day. There were no graceful curves. An attempt will be made to-day to furnish a sufficient head of water to make some graceful curves."

In Philadelphia every lady is a centupentiated. Everything in that city is centupentiated; wherever you go, whatever you do, the centupentiated stares you in the face; you have to wear it on your paper collar and wash your hands with centupentiated towels and soap. The whole name is a farce, as it would lead you to suppose it was to happen but once in a hundred years; but in the city of Brotherly Love it seems they are to keep it up forever. The girls have powdered their hair to make them look a hundred years older; the old women have powdered theirs to make them look like the young girls. On a careful estimate there are about two hundred and twenty thousand Martha Washington costumes in that city now, which costume consists of about three yards of old fashioned curtain calico, a mob cap, a black patch under the left eye, and a seventy-five cent pair of high-heeled slippers.